

**GATES WILL OPEN
AT 12:30 O'CLOCK
FOR DOUBLE HEADER**

LOS ANGELES
MAY LAND
BIG BOUT

A three-panel comic strip. Panel 1: A baseball player in a dark uniform is running towards the right. In the background, another player is running. A large, stylized cloud of smoke or dust is on the left. Text: "COBB HAS HIT IT OVER THE FENCE WITH THE BASES FULL". Panel 2: A baseball player in a light uniform is swinging a bat. A baseball is in the air. Text: "CRAWFORD HAD ONLY LANDED ON THAT ONE". Panel 3: A baseball player in a light uniform is running towards the right. A large, stylized cloud of smoke or dust is on the left. Text: "ROSSMAN HAD ONLY DRIVEN IN A FEW".

WHAT THE TIGERS ARE SAYING

Standing of the Clubs In Six Leagues

N. E. LEAGUE

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	W.	P.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Lynn.....	52	30	65.61	Fall River.....	51	38	57.2
Brockton.....	51	34	60.00	N. Bedford.....	55	40	51.3
Haverhill.....	50	37	57.12	Lawrence.....	47	40	53.9
Wareham.....	46	37	55.42	Lowell.....	47	50	48.0

TO-DAY'S GAMES.

Brockton at Lawrence.
Fall River at Haverhill.
Lynn at Wareham.
New Bedford at Lowell.

YESTERDAY'S GAMES.

	B.	R.	E.
Haverhill.....	0	1	0
New Bedford.....	0	0	1

Hatteries-Leland and Kelley; Selfert and O'Leary.					
	FIRST GAME.				
Lowell.	0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1	R	H	E	
Lawrence.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	2	1	1	
	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	7	5	8	
Hatteries-Daxal and Huston, Warner, Miller and Foster.					
	SECOND GAME.				
Lowell.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	R	H	E	
Lawrence.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	2	1	1	
	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	7	5	8	
Hatteries-Labelle and Huston; Busch, Maybom and Atomsitt.					
	THIRD GAME.				
Fall River.	5 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0	R	H	E	
Lowell.	1 1 1 2 0 0 0 1 0 0	6	10	5	
Hatteries-Webster, J. Pullerton, Lemieux and Andrews; How and Jones.					
	FOURTH GAME.				
Worcester.	1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0	R	H	E	
Brookline.	0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0	2	7	3	

Batteries—Berger and Bemis; Withersup and Street.

SECOND GAME. R. H. E.
Cleveland.....000000101-283
Washington.....00001000-183

Batteries—Falkenberg and Bemis, Smith and Street.

FIRST GAME. R. H. E.

[illegible]

**BATTING AVERAGES OF
BOSTON BALL PLAYERS**

AMERICAN.

Players.	ab.	r.	bb.	2b.	3b.	hr.	avg.
Young.	25	30	10	8	4	0	.305

[illegible]

Age	Sex	Height	Weight	Arm span	Hand span	Hand length	Hand width	Hand area	Hand volume
18.0	Male	185	17	30	2	1	185		
	White	42	3	8	0	1	0		
	Smith	60	7	14	2	1	0		
18.5	Male	61	4	10	0	0	0		
19.0	Male	26	0	4	0	0	0		
	More	0	0	1	0	0	0		

SOLD MATINEE HORSES.

That matinee speed is still sought after is evidenced in the sale of three record horses by Lee & Guertin of Springfield. They have recently sold Bunker Hill (2:18 1/4), Harry Robinson (2:17 3/4) and Yates (2:17 1/4).



should read this article in the SUN-
DAY AMERICAN.

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The I. C. S. hand books are time savers and salary raisers. Designed to fit the needs of the man on the job. Pronounced by mechanics to be the best hand books published. A hand book for each occupation.

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414 pages of electrical information, data and formulas, covering from wiring to running a power plant.

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372 pages of information, data and formulas for
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A book for every man whose daily task brings
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trated.

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100

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REMEDIES**
Cure All Diseases



Cure All Diseases
and Weaknesses
of Men.

\$1 BOX FREE

Dr. Hallock's Elvira Pills, a positive cure for nervous and physical debility, loss of memory, mental anxiety, melancholy, dark rings under the

ties, draining vital weakness from whatever cause arising, weak back. Has restored thousands. A single package proves their great invigorating qualities. Makes men powerful, virile, magnificent, giving strength, courage and reserve nerve power. These good results are permanent and lasting. Our remedies will accomplish what all weak men desire. \$1 per box at druggists. A \$1 box sent free for trial by mail only, on receipt of 10 cents to pay cost.

Dr. Hallow's Elixir Capsules, for Urinary and Kidney Troubles, cystitis, inflammation relieved in 24 hours. Superior to cubets, capsula and injections. Don't pay big prices; send for a box of these capsules and cure yourself at home. \$1.00 office or by mail in plain packages.

All acute and chronic diseases and weaknesses from whatever cause arising. Rupture, Piles, Fistula and all diseases of the nervous system, blood, bladder and kidneys, treated and cured to stay cured by expert specialists. Consultation free. Our medical book on all diseases should be read by every one; sent free. Send for it to-day. You will be a better man by reading it. Sent sealed with question sheet.

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The English Specialists.
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Immediate improvement,
speedy cure, no loss
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Vitality, Loss of
Memory, Nervous
Debility, Blood
Poison, Etc.


 Your treatment is a great boon to men suffering from **Kidney and Bladder** affections or any chronic **Disease or Weakness.**
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414 Columbus av.; long experience, all diseases of
Men and Women. Terms low. Hrs. 10-5.

BOSTON AMERICANS DOUBLE

Sympathy the Parent's First Duty to Child

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

A Boy went wrong. He acquired a taste for drink and encouraged the kind of companionship which such a taste naturally leads a man to seek. Finally, he misleads him into the gutter on the island.

When he came out he sought his father's house. The mother was there to receive him. The father said, "Not, he has disgraced my name and he can never again enter my house."

So the boy went back to his old companions, and again reached the workhouse. The father feels no remorse for his conduct. He believes he is justified in slandering a dissipated and dissolute son from his house.

But no parent is excusable for taking such a stand with an erring child. The very first duty which devolves upon a father or mother is the duty of patient sympathy.

No child is corrupted by his parents about being born. The parent calls the spiritual eye out of sleep and gives it form and name and place on this plane and in this era.

The Duty of the Parent

Having taken such an immense responsibility, it devolves upon the parents to watch over the child from the prenatal moment when they first know it is coming to birth until their life's dual hour upon earth.

The treatment of the mother by the father before the birth often produces marked results for life upon a child's character.

For instance, a drinking man, whose wife lived in terror of his drunken moods, brought into existence a girl whose nature was warped by fear. The sight of a drunken man on the street or in a public conveyance made her hysterical or produced fainting spells.

Another father, unhappy over the coming of a child to feed and clothe through some perverted state of mind refused to speak to his wife for months before the arrival of her son. The moose and silent nature of the boy lasted into manhood. He was the most unhappy and unsocial of beings, until he came to realize the power he possessed to change his own nature to a divine equilibrium, and to make himself over.

Many a drunken son, many an erring daughter, is the direct result of a father's habits. Use these same fathers will be most unforgiving and most severe in condemnation of the faults of their offspring.

Look for the Fault in Yourself

Whatever your child may be doing, sir, or madam, however his limitations and habits may disclose you before you close the doors of your heart or home upon this creature of your own calling to earth, look for the cause of its error in yourself.

Remember, somehow, if you are honest with yourself, you will find you have sown the seeds of ills unpropitious with your own hand.

Old thoughts, old propensities, long outlived in yourself, have sprung into new existence in this young one.

Or, through excellent confidence and self-complacent satisfaction, you have created the same belief that your child must be naturally well behaved, without any assistance, and you have sown by children of the tender education and sympathetic companionship which every boy and girl needs.

Or, by the opposite course of tyrannical oppression, you have driven the child from you, and sown it to become a liar and a deceiver, in order to have any freedom of its youth.

Be Fair, Be Tolerant

One thing is certain. You are responsible for the character your child develops. You should watch over your offspring from the time it begins to think and speak, and so, patience, sympathy and cheerfulness lead it into the path wherein you desire it to go. You should be fair with yourself, and be ready to acknowledge the fact when you recognize your own faults in the child, and you should be as tolerant as the child itself is tolerant when the child errs.

However you may recognize the sins of your children, however honest you may be in recognizing them, you have no moral right to close your door against the son or daughter who comes to you. It was through the door of life you opened that the child first came to earth.

You have no right to close the door of your heart or home against the child who has come to you, and who has been brought to you by the hand of God, and who has been brought to you by the hand of God, and who has been brought to you by the hand of God.

Any other treatment of your children is a sin for which your generation will be punished.

All the World Knows

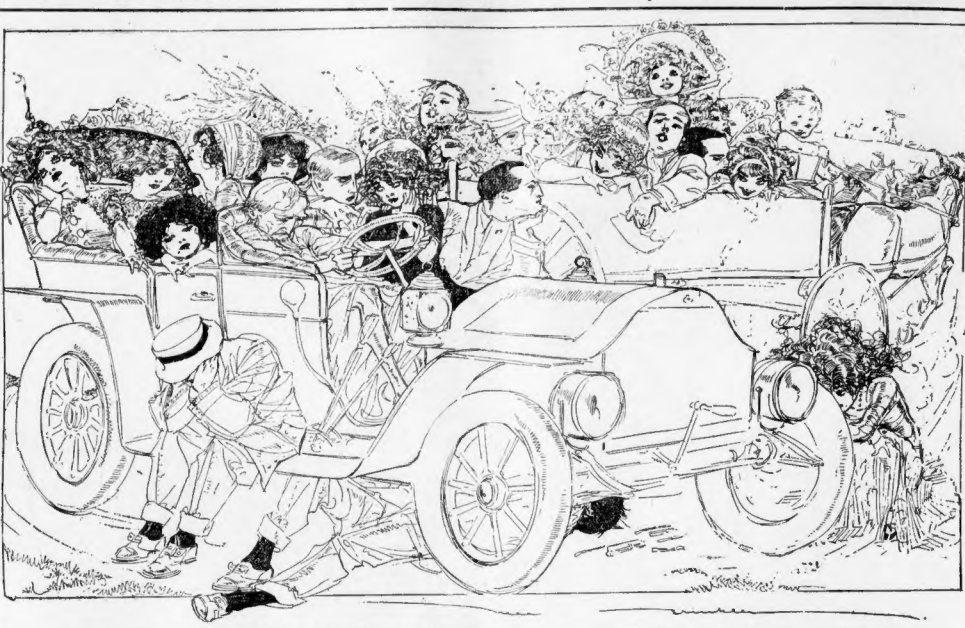
By HELEN TAYLOR

If you were a counsellor then and say, And I were a fair and honest man, You'd offer me counsel every day, And fill on your headless hands, Then send me a bouquet rich and rare, Or a love letter tied with blue, And all the world knows I'm a true man.

If you were a handsome gondolier, And I a Venetian lady, You'd sweep to me always true— And all the world knows that's a true romantic, gallant thing to do!

But you are not any Jack, and I am only your little girl, I won't walk the long London way, And wander just where we will, For every man knows I'm a true girl, Wherever you may bill and coo, And all the world knows I'm a true girl, sweetest, only thing to do!

IT DEPENDS UPON THE DRIVER—By NELL BRINKLEY



There's a weary, mad bunch in the big car where Time sits at the wheel, but there's a happy lot in the old farm wagon, where Love does the driving

LOVE sometimes drives the most old-fashioned outfit. And whenever he's at the reins or the wheel, you're going to have a picnic. It's nothing but a wheelbarrow.

Surely, he doesn't put the talon on a high-power motor car, and maybe you've flown along behind him with the stars wheeling overhead and the sand biting your face, skimming the hills and taking the valleys like a comet on the soft, muffled four wheels that make no sound, your own self.

But he's a queer sort and you can't ever tell about him. He has a devious weakness for slow going. You know—two horses on a lonely road, or a good old straw-in-

a farm wagon without any springs and the meditative horses' heads bobbing ahead—all that sort of thing.

If you have a keen eye and a love of the Road, when you pick out some night toward where the sun dropped down red for a moment, keep your ears open and your eyes sharp and this is what you might see. A big red car, like a snoring giant with his arms tied, in the middle of the road, thundering, pulsing, and with a "game leg" somewhere, full to the brim and spilling over with girls and boys, with bobbing-headed old Time at the wheel—a weary, mad bunch, not having any good time at all.

And then, while you're scanning over the scowling, bored little Betty-faces and the heated Billy-ones, bowing

leisurely along with its wheels creaking and talking in disgraceful mirth, bumping the little girls recklessly up and down against the boys, will leave in sight a farm wagon with two lumbering fat old horses clipping it along, and star-eyed, well-padded Love at the lines.

And they will turn out and circle around the snoring giant, peering at their chauffeur, laughing and calling, and leaning out to pity and question.

"Get a horse!" Love will mock, and "Get Love for your 'shover" and push out that one who nods yet must needs fly!" about the say little hand behind him. And then you will grin and say to yourself, "It sure depends upon the driver."

Fables For The Fly

ONCE upon a time there was a Man and his Wife who lived together for many years in Happiness and Prosperity.

They were People in Moderate Circumstances, who while they could not afford a Hot Touring Car, could stand for a Taxi when they went to the Opera, and while the Lady did not have those Girl Chaperons, she possessed enough child hags to make the other Women in the Apartment House in which she lived long out of the windows to see what she had on when she took a stroll alone.

Thus Thus went on with this Happy Couple, and as the Man was a little Nimble, "Chasing down the Elusive Fly," they were not only able to pay their Butcher's bill every month, but to get a little side Wad in the bank. Unfortunately, however, at the very Zenith of their Prosperity the Woman fell for a series of Articles on Economy in a Female Journal that lapped out a System on how Any Family could make John B. Rockefeller look like a lark to the Poor House on what a Thrifty Wife could save.

Furthermore this Head Lamer in the Appliance Club furnished a diagram to show how a Last Year's Furriery Widow could be converted into a Patch Basket that would look as if it had a \$150 Dress tag sewed in her lining so that her Poor Friend couldn't help seeing it.

The Woman thoroughly went into her Head and then addressed him: "I perceive," she said, "that we have been foolish in scattering our money around so freely among the Trades People when we might just as well have been saving it away for a rainy day, and our Conscience reproaches me for it."

"Henceforth," she said, "I intend to live on a different Plan, and it's Me for the Made Over Goods and the Noble Virtue of Economy!"

With this the Woman went forth to get her good Resolutions into Working Order. She hid away to her husband's pocket, her last Summer's dress, where, by the addition of some Aeroid or Flannel Clifton, and (that I don't know) and a few yards of Brocade de Soie and Applique and a bit of Ribbon, she succeeded in having an old Dress made over for not more than Twice what a new one would cost.

She lost All "Glamorousness." "I do not really care," declared the Woman as she surveyed herself in her mirror and perceived the Bum Effect, "for so much Crazy Quilt Stuff in a dress, nor do I appear to have made any Compensations."

"I am so aware that every Female who sees me will stop me up for a Cheap Skates at eight, but I appreciate that the Comeliness of Virtue in wearing a Made-over Dress must make up for its Lack of Style."

Formerly, when the Woman had not

The Theory of Economy is All Right, But Only the Rich Can Put It Into Practice



The first principle of economy is to look out for the Dimes—but the Dollars don't always take care of themselves!

My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurray! Hurray!

New Words to the Old Tune
By IRVING BERLIN
One of the authors of the original song

BROWN went to see a ball game with some old pals he knew.

The game was 'twixt the Red Sox and the Naps, the score was two to two; Brownson soon discovered they were looking for a bat.

Says he, "I'm sure it's not my wife, I know just where she's at."

CHORUS.
My wife's gone to the country—Hurray! Hurray!
She thought it best—I need the rest—that's why she went away.

He met a friend cartoonist, the kind that drew the line
On drawing anything but what is right up to the time;

He went out to the graveyard, for years ago a friend
Was laid away to rest in peace and meet the much-feared end.

He asked upon the tombstone and sighed between his teeth,
"Too bad you aren't here to see what's happened after years."

CHORUS.
My wife's gone to the country—Hurray! Hurray!
She thought it best—I need the rest—that's why she went away.

He took the children with her—She took the children with her—That's why she went away.

He took the children with her—She took the children with her—That's why she went away.

He took the children with her—She took the children with her—That's why she went away.

He took the children with her—She took the children with her—That's why she went away.

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He took the children with her—She took the children with her—That's why she went away.

Life Isn't Dull Unless You See It That Way

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Do you ever feel that the "Cabbage Patch"? If so, you may remember what a sweet opponent she was.

When someone, glancing at her poverty-stricken surroundings and enormous family, asked her what she had to be grateful for, she answered, after a moment's hesitation, "Well, I'm thankful that I haven't got a hair-rip."

That's the way all of us ought to be; we should be thankful for every little blessing that is ours.

The other day I was in a pessimistic mood. It had rained steadily all day, and I had the rain as a cat paw.

"Life is dull," I sighed miserably, as I looked across the rain-soaked fields; and just then, from the attic room, came the exultant, laughing notes of one of Chopin's Preludes.

At that time it was foolish I had pulled myself together and was heartily ashamed of myself.

Life isn't dull, I had ears to listen to that wondrous melody; or had eyes to watch the sun that presently set in a cloud of stormy splendor across the plains.

Life is not dull if we choose to extract the sweet from it instead of the bitter.

We are all too critical and hard to please. We are greedy for joys that we shut our eyes to the little ones.

Don't you know how dreary you make life for yourself, and those about you, when you continually harp on life's dullness?

Why are you so discontented, you who that life should be an ever-receding hurrah and smile for you?

You especially, but do you earn it? If you are poor and have a large family for whom you have to toil endlessly yesterday, probably every with all your heart you are rich and happy who has nothing to do, it is in any comfort to you? I am sure that she is envying someone who is busy, or, at least, that she is not.

You find life dull because it is all right; she finds it dull because she has nothing to do, but you have home life, children and shared life joys as well as life's sorrows.

You did not think life dull some years ago when you married the man you loved, and even did not see it as dull now.

What is the use of finding it so now, that you have home life, children and shared life joys as well as life's sorrows?

Brace Up! Make the Best of It

Brace up and make the best of it; take it as it comes, and you will find it is not so bad as you think it is. Life is a game, and you must not let the burden of life's little bit.

Life is a game, and you must not let the burden of life's little bit.

Life is a game, and you must not let the burden of life's little bit.

Life is a game, and you must not let the burden of life's little bit.

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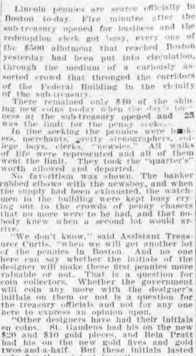
Life is a game, and you must not let the burden of life's little bit.

Life is a game, and you must not let the burden of life's little bit.

BEG READING "THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK" IN MONDAY'S AMERICAN

GASTON LEROUX'S GREAT STORY

SUPPLY OF
NEW PENNIES
EXHAUSTED

[illegible]

Recent photograph of Virginia Prickett Burrowes, who married the American oil millionaire Monday.

LYNN LUMBER MAN SEEKS BANKRUPTCY

Ellsworth R. Spinney of No. 3 Fayette street, Lynn, a prominent lumber dealer, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy with the clerk in the United States District Court in the Federal Building to-day. He owes \$23,486.39. There are no assets.

CHARMING CHILD STORY, "Pap Bolton, Wife & Co.," will be printed in the **SUNDAY AMERICAN**. If you love children, you must not miss it.

FINANCIAL NEWS
REALIZING IN
LOCAL STOCKS

SHEA URGES
NO-LICENSE
CAMPAIGN

Ill. Nat. pref.	355	554	554
Ill. Northern pref.	1544	1528	1538
Ill. Southern Central	1567	1535	1554
Ill. Metropoli	304	494	154
Ill. Metropoli pref.	304	494	154
Kan. City So.	48	48	48
Kan. City So. pref.	48	48	48
Louis. & N. pref.	72	72	72
Mo. & N. Tex.	437	144	144
Missouri Pac.	76	75	75

**REAL TOBOGGANS AT
LEXINGTON PARK**

fair to yield Wonderland the most pre-
 perous season of its existence. The Sunday
 American Outing Club Monday and Tuesday
 day has been the most successful of the
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 DAY AMERICAN, saving them eighty
 cents in the rounds of the park. The
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 admission for fifty cents. Readers of the

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[illegible]

87,500 a year will return	25 Percent
105,000 a year will return	30 Percent

Such net earnings are easily calculable on the basis of a low-grade gold mine such as RENO-
MIZPAH is already open.

100,000 Shares sold before advertising was begun at	25c	a Share
20,000 Shares are being sold at	35c	a Share
20,000 Shares will be sold at	45c	a Share
20,000 Shares will be sold at	55c	a Share

—and 20,000 shares of common stock will be placed on sale at advances of 10c. a share. Provided conditions continue as they are.

But if the expected happens, it is more than probable that the stock will be promptly, permanently and unconditionally withdrawn from the market.

OUR GUARANTEE IS A GOOD GUARANTEE. Gold is always worth its weight in the dollar. It is usually marketable at a uniform price over the entire world. The gold in the ore can be established. We guarantee to place against every dollar (par value) of RENO-MIZPAH stock sold a dollar of NET GOLD ORE RESERVE. These reserves are the gold itself, the gold furnished by the locks and bolts of nature. This is a GUARANTEE in the best sense of the word—one of GOLD ITSELF.

Send for company's prospectus, with photographs and maps of the mines, workings, etc. The prospectus contains a complete engineer's report on the property. Also send for MOORE'S MINING AND FINANCE, a handsome high-grade paper, every issue of which will be SENT

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Company is incorporated under the laws of its own State—Nevada—whose laws for the protection of mining investors are the best in the Union. Has no preferred stock—no bonds—no general liabilities for the investor. Has railroad and hydro-electric power facilities.

[illegible]

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Also the control of a railroad one hundred and twelve miles in length, now being constructed to bring the coal to market.

All based on a capitalization of only one million dollars and the stock at 10 cents per share. You can buy it with assurance of perfect safety and large returns based on business merit.

ISAAC VAN HORN

7 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

In the baleful light of Elsie Sigel's murder, supposedly by a "Christianized" Chinaman, the article on "The Yellow Pariahs," by Charles Somerville, in the current COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, has an unusual timeliness and significance.

Mr. Somerville knows Chinatown and the Chinese intimately—and turns them inside out for your scrutiny.

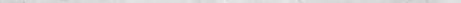
September

COSMOPOLITAN

2 Duane Street, New York City

9. 4. 7. 0

劉氏



SUNDAY AMERICAN will contain the most remarkable confession ever made public. Don't fail to read this!
